THE RENT -

I AINT GOT

TWO BITS

TO DAY -

MAYBE IT

IS FUNNY

HA-HA-HA-ED

MO WE

HE WAS

GONNA TAKE

US HOME IN

A TAXI SO

WED MISS

THECROWD

WERE GONNA

PUT ON ME

FEED BAG

A PUNNY .

MINT IT?

100-175

STORY

I GOT THE FUNNIEST

STORY TO TELL YOU -

THE 80 BUCKS THAT

I BET IT BACK ON A

TIP AND LOST - I'LL

HAVE IT FOR YOU

FRIDAY - HA-HA

YOU WON IS COMING

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Postoffice at Memphis, Tenn., Under the Act of March 3, 1879. DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to use for reproduction of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in The News Scimi-tar, and also the local news published herein

SUBSCRIPTION RATES-By carries per week. By mail, postage paid, 1 nth, 50c; 2 months, \$1.00; 3 months, 30; 6 months, \$2.50; 12 months, \$5.00. NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

If you have trouble about getting your paper, call Main 4994 and the matter will be given immediate attention. After 6 p.m. and Sundays, call Main 5635.



tative, 95 Madison avenue, New York Century Building, Chicago; Little Build-ing, Boston; Kresge Building, Detroit

The Red Steam-Roller.

The pusitianimous spies who hav gone into Russia since the armistics with instructions from one allied govern ment or another to find out the rea inwardness of the situation, have seen fit for the most part to report only that which their governments wanted to According to the Commentaries of Caesar, "People generally believe that which they wish to believe." The allied peoples have chosen to believe that the soviet institutions at every instant since their setting up have been in a parlous state, and sure to top. ple over in the next instant; and the official spies have not disabused them

The world is about as ignorant of what goes on in Russia today as if this were the middle ages, before there was a telegraph, or even a locomotive train, or even a dictionary of Russian.

For a government tottering on its last legs, the Bolshevist estate has and the one they can the least afford shown wonderful agility as a valetudinarian. When Warsaw falls, it is possible that reports will cease to emanate from the allied capitals to the effect that Bolshevism will be a tale of the past before another week has gone.

The tale of what the Bolshevists have already accomplished in the past twenty from an article that appears in the months on the field of battle reads like Southern Lumberman from the pen of the exploits of a Napoleon come to life Mr. F. V. Dunham, representative of again. It is more sensational by far the National Lumber Manufacturers than any campaign or series of campaigns that was waged on the famous Western front.

In the early summer of 1919 the Bolshevists, at the head of a nation that the allies insisted on regarding as a In North Carolina and Georgia the pine spent power, pursued their campaign is growing faster than the mills are against Kolchak to a victorious con-Their total advance toward the East was of several thousand

Last fall the Bolshevists put Denikine out of business. This campaign won them huge areas in the South, where ever since they have stayed around the Caspian, threatening at any minute to encroach upon the British preserves and causing to old John Bull untold uneasiness.

Westward the course of empire takes its way, and Poland's turn has come this summer. The reds have made enormous inroads upon that "greater Poland" to which their poor victims made foolish claim, and they are not yet finished. Their rock-crusher steams along not too fast, not over six or eight miles a day, but there seems to be nothing in sight that can

dominions during these twenty months that exceed in total size the United States of America. And still they say nat Bolshevism is doomed

The Eight-Hour Farm Day.

The enormous talents of Joe Bailey, of Texas, are evidently like those of some other candidates lately heard from; they have not found a suitable paramount issue upon which to play, and so they lead him to storm and thunder ternational, commissions feminine, comconsiderably beyond the requirements of the occasion,

The ex-senator appears to have taken the Necessaries of Life had as good a up the line of opposing the eight-hour title as any, and probably did about day, and his argument is a touching as well as most. It investigated the inexhaustible subject of the profitcers

"You city folks are now complaining and came to the deliberate conclusion of the high cost of fiving, but it has that profiteering existed in Massachuonly touched the cailing today; it will setts. reach the sky when the farmers go to working eight hours a day like they posed also a remedy against the prowant to in the cities. Of course, at fitters. What is more, it is a practic first the farmer will not know exactly able one, which is more than can be what to do with that extra four hours, said for the conclusions of most of the commissions Housewives and but he will learn. He can learn to play as well as any of you. The best of buyers generally in Massauchetts are them probably will learn to play golf, as advised by the Masschusetts assembled some of you do, and the others will experts to do their shopping more cirlearn to play hell, as so many folks

have done." We are glad the candidate considers that golf will keep a man from going to the bad, and we think there is a beautiful picture contained in his suggestion of the happy farmers knocking off work at four o'clock and golfing over is better to go out of the way to avoid the cow pasture before supper. Never. It than waste ourselves in a vain strugtheless, we are compelled to believe gle against it. which the idle farmer can save his woul. There is town ball, played only in the country; there are horseshoes; there is the old swimming hole, which light emanates from the following exoffers epportunity for improvement as corpt from the editorial columns of the well as pastime, there is squirret-hunting, fishing, and builfreg shooting, and the tin lizzies abound; and it is always possible merely to sit on the fence | two ways, the camdidate swings like and meditate while fertilizing the acres a pendulum. He stands like the donaround with streams of tobacco juice.

Parmers work more than eight hours haystacks because unable to decide a day in the farming season because there is plenty of variety in the work and because most of them have a proprietary interest in the business Even the hired hands, for the most the hero, dimmie cox, is like, but we part, are coming to work their land on are inclined to think the Tribune is the shares plan. When a man is fi- like a man who is anger about some nancially interested in the labor of thing and does not quite know what to his hands, all the labor unions this say. side of doomsday will not prevail against a ten, eleven, and twelve hour day

But if the great average of hours is an hour for lunch. This left II hours struck for the whole year, the farmer does not work so much in excess of eight hours a day. In the winter time and on many days of the farming season, the farmer is freer than any king to do just what he pleases. When he has work to do, he does it with his might; but when he plays, he plays, and that is not only on Christmas and the fourth of July.

Convict No. 13. The wise Greek, Aristotle, preached that even of bravery, sobriety, and amtability there might be vicious extremes, by which he must have meant that

even of a good thing there might be A good thing which comes under this comes the tug of war. William M. Reedy

BY M. W. CONNOLLY.

head is without a doubt the humani-

tarian impulse that has agitated the

public in the direction of lessening the

ex-convict who signs himself "No. 13.

As one whose knowledge of his subject

not quite so depleted as are often rep-

resented. Southerners may take hope

It has been widely said that South

ern pine will be exhausted in five o

ten years at the present rate of con-

cutting it. Some other states make

t reaches a volume of seven and one

it will begin to rise till it assumes i

not yet gone. With the advent of the

here is an estimate of the real situation

made after a very exhaustive investiga-

have to sit and report. There are

ial and congressional, commissions in-

missions solemn and commissions play-

ful. The Massachusetts Commission or

The Massachusetts commission pro-

sumspectly, watching out for the best

bargains and never paying more than

The theory of the Massachusetts com

missioners is that profiteering is like

evil, a part of the constitution of this

world and always with us, and that I

Scrambled Metaphors.

We should say that more heaf than

New York Trioune of last Sunday

ours a day of its employee menaling

clear in which to enjoy the ample fa-

dities of the Carnegie libraries, pro-

eided for nothing out of the profits

Today's brain test (20 minutes) How

many Poles will need to be stuck in

sheviki out of the Warsaw potato

Campaign expenses of both parties

will mount up with all the letters com-

When Western beer meets vodka, then

ing from Ohio headquarters to Nashville

the mud for a fence to keep the Bot

fittie business

hese days.

they have to for a commodity.

commissions civic, commissions senator-

showing nearly as good.

association.

eight billions.

current idea in the "most enlightened" The death of William Marion Reedy, of St. Louis, which occurred in Loss Angeles some days ago, brings me a distinct sense of personal loss. He was among the last and most loved of my old-time friends. In the early nineties I was a reporter on the St. Louis Republican, as it was then called and afterward I served as night manager for the Associated Press. I saw much of Reedy and we contracted a friend-ship which never waned and which is not pressed and rolled as hard as other paper stock.

Q.—What makes the best roughage feed for cows. oats, wheat or corn?—A. G.

A.—Exclusive use of wheat or straw are roughage for breeding cows will as roughage for breeding cows will as a roughage for breeding cows will as a roughage for breeding cows will as parlor circles is that the poor criminal ought to be either pardoned out of have ing to pay any penalty for his crime aideration during his term of confine ment that good little boys at school enjoy. He must be not only instructed, Refreshing under such circumstances s the contribution made to the discussion in the Atlantic Monthly by an

is not based on extensive parlor conversations only, his opinions as to what criminals are really like ought to

what criminals are really like ought to have weight.

Criminals get the habit, according to No. 12, just like dope flends, and they are very hard to cure. The reform of criminals, in his opinion, is about the most hopeless undertaking he knows of. They have to be jailed to keep them out of mischief, and punished to keep others from getting the habit.

"Mr. Tannhauser says the public regards the criminal as bad, unsocial, a violator of law, and a sinner, but he says it as if the public were mistaken."

A lot of good people will recognize their own foolish likeness when they read in this convict's account of the Maine man who murdered his sweetheart because she would not love him, and of the hundreds of young lades. ikeness when the control of the cont

and even his public speeches are a mere yulgate. Reedy had a beautifut voice and a magnetism that was compelling. His spoken words as well as his written words produced an intellectual ecstacy Withal he was a good listener, and his most convincing arguments were made by way of suggestion. He was very human, very gentle, very generous—a mass of information and well digested scholarship masked in medesty and good fellowship. He wrote rapidly and flashed off article after article as sparks are thrown from a wireless transmitter. Yet he was accurate, because he knew, and was thoroughly trained. Reesly had a becoming pride but no trace of vanity. He was always readier to praise than to biame. To me he was more than kind. He would have it that I was a "word wigard" when the wine and nectar of wigardy dripped from his own magical words. His praise was far beyond anything my poor efforts merited and I concluded that it was his great heart and his loyal friendship which betrayed his judgment which, otherwise, was severely just. In a beautiful and sympathetic editorial in Saturday's Commercial Appeal on "Reedy, The Master Stylist." Mr. Mooney does me the honor to mention my name among those of Eugene Field, Lafcadio Hearn and Louis Carroll. To be considered a satellite of any of these luminaries is high praise indeed. I knew little of Field outside of his work. Hearn was, in sgite of an almost repulsive physiognomy, a charming persentity. He had the rich resonant.

sumption. This is far from the fact The total of lumber production in the South is only very slightly on the decrease. It will continue to decline till knew little of Field outside of his work. Hearn was, in spite of an almost repulsive physiognomy, a charming personality. He had the rich resonant voice of his Irish father and the wooling graces of his Greek mother. When anmated—Beshrew the reformers! We could purchase animation in those days—his face was godlike in its beauty. His conversation was entrancing, his words flowing like a stream of molten gold.

Carroll was a Canadian although I never knew him over there but may half billions of feet per annum, and then, such are the provisions made by man and nature alike for reforestation. permanent level at something over We have not used our own very winely, but the whole inheritance is

conservationists during Mr Roosevelt's administration, an attempt was made to impress the public with the necessity of economy in the disposal of our forests. So earnest was the effort that the case was often exaggerated, and ty, in Montreal, where I was. I im first in Texas, sick, ragged ungry. I got him work on a aper and seon found out wha so far as the South is concerned, as It is no wonder that the price of is scarce, when account is taken of the multitudes of commissions which

hungry. I got him work on a daily paper and soot found out what he could do. He wrote some literary articles for magazines and soon had requests from many more. The poor fellow had no more business sense than an infant and his money trickled from him like water through a seive. He stayed with me a while in Memphis, then went to Springfield. Mo. and later to St. Louis where he became a pensioner of Reedy. I have never known anyone in Carrell's class unless it bo the famous Michael Monaghan, of the "Phoenix," of South Norwalk, Conn. He is buried in St. Louis. "Coming back to the old faith after a period of chilling agnosticism." Reedy wrote me. Hearn reposes in far-off Japan, and Field in Chicago. "Connolly is no longer in the noonide of things," says Mooney, Alas, how true Rather is he far into the twilight where to be remembered by a friend gives a crepuscular grandeur to the gathering shadows. Billy Reedy is gone, but I cannot but be lieve that he has only gone before. Got would not create a mind like his and then destroy it. In his death I firmly believe that American literature has lost its chief factor and noblest ermament.

BY PROFESSION.

They were making our their qualifica-tion cards at Camp Greene in the early part of the war and one dusky recruit was under cross-examination as to his business.
"Suh," he told the cierk firmly, "Ah,
is a pacifist."
"A wha-a-at?" gasped the cierk aghast.
"A pacifist. Ah works in a lee cream factory and pacifies all de mile and de cream."—The American Legion Weekly.

THAT'S LOGIC.

"But," demanded the lawyer, "what makes you think that your bushand could ever afford to pay such an out-rageous amount of allmony".
"Why," replied the fair plaintiff, he told me with his own tips that if he were only single he d be a millionaire."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I met him often in sequent years and always with increased admiration for his genius.

He was born and reared in St. Louis. his father being a captain of police being a captain of police friday is known as Maundy Thursday, for many years. He attended parochial schools until he entered the St. Louis hely Thursday of Green Thursday university where the Jesuits trained his young mind and gave it that characteristic bent, which remained with him through life. He worked as a reporter Q.—What is the origin of the expres-sion 'boncombe?'-c' H.

sion 'buncombe?'-c' H.
A.—This word meaning empty talk

spiced vinegar.

(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing The News Scimitar information bureau. Frederic J. Haskin, director, Washington, D. C. This offer applies strictly to information. The bureau can not give advice on legal, medical and financial matters. It does not attempt to settle domestic troubles, nor to undertake exhaustive research on any subject. Write your question plainty and briefly Give

HOROSCOPE

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1920. (Copyright, 1929, by the McClure News-paper Syndicate.)

Jupiter rules this day with kindly intert, according to astrology. Neptune atech, according to assess as a strongly adverse, it is a time for plans and large venures in business, but the judgment may not be trustworthy, owing to the

ons to promise unusual benefits and Educators should profit by conditions that are now developing. The seers lecture that great nonces to be be-stowed on teachers whose profession

wards.

There is a sign held to be favorable for political candidates who may gain a dew. What's favor at this time by casting away fear and assuming positive attitudes on

pair and assuming positive attributes on public questions.

Neptune is in an expect said to inreage the tendency of the human mind toward suspicion. During this rule eviwill be more readily heard than good. All the signs appear to preside agitation and disturbance of thought that the hitherto been confined to conservative channels.

ings, if the stars are rightly in

death of a state-man long reverse

UNCLE WIGGILY BEDTIME STORY

OUTDOOR SPORTS

MEETING THE GUY WHO BET

YOUR ROLL ON THE HOT TIP

THE DAY BEFORE AT THE

RACE TRACK

UNCLE WIGGILY AND NURSE JANE'S HAT.

"How do you think I look, Uncle liggily?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Yuzzy one morning as she skipped out in the front stoop of the hollow stump ungalow, where the rabbit gentleman

on the front stoop of the hollow stump bungalow, where the rabbit gentleman was taking a sun bath.

"Why you look as nice as you always, the do," replied Mr. Longears, squinting at his muskrat lady housekeeper over it the top of his glasses.

"How do you like my new hat. I mean?" went on Nurse Jane.

"Oh. I didn't notice that before!" was the answer. "Whew! It is a most spiendiferous delightful one!" he went on as he saw what Nurse Jane had on her head. "And what a lot of flowers!"

"Yes, just a few," said Mrs. Puzzy Wurzy. "Mrs. Wibbiewobble, the duck lady, helped me trim it. And, now that I am all dressed up for a walk, why don't you ask me to take one. Uncle Wiggily" and the muskrat lady turned around so Mr. Longears could see her hat on all sides.

"Why, that's a fine idea!" he ex-

at on all sides.

"Why, that's a fine idea!" he exammed. "We'll go for a walk and look or an adventure together. It is a nice, right, beautful day. Come along tree hard!" cal slow. And everywhere that Nurse ane went, her hat was sure to go. 'My! What a lovely bonnet you have, turse Jane' said Mrs Stubtail, the dy bear, as she mot Miss Fuzzy Wuz-

Uncle Wiggily on the Woodnd path.
"I'm glad you like it," said Nurse
the. "Where have you been, Mrs.
tubtail? Have you been buying a new

I WAS all alone.

AT MY desk

AND I hurried,

IN OUR apartment.

AND WAS working.

AND SOMETHING rang.

AND OPENED the door.

AND THERE was no one.

AND ANSWERED the phone.

OUT INTO the hall.

AT EITHER place.

AND THEN I ran-

AND PUT my head

INTO THE shaft.

AND THE WAILED

WAS COMING UP

TO THE dumbwater

"Not if I grease it with lard, as I've done this sheet which I pasted over the window said the grocery cat. Rain water can't come through greased paper, and it will be all right until I can get the glass put in. Now I'll give you the butter. Uncle Wiggliy."

With the butter wrapped up in some paper under his paw. Uncle Wiggliy hopped out of the store.

Excuse me, Nurse Jane," he said, for the muskent lady was still talking to Mrs. Stubtail. "But we had better hurry. The grocery cat says it's going to rain, and he put some greased paper over a hole in his window. I don't want your new hat to be spoiled, and I have no umbrella."

"Ha! I think I can make one!" said "Ha! I think I can make one!" said uncle Wigglly.
"I'm glad you like it," said Nurse the "Where have you been. Mrs. ubtail? Have you been buying a new to to the bunny. "And I also have went to to?"

'Oh. no. I've just been to the store of some bread and butter and honey," swered the lady hear. "I promised edde and Beckie I'd make them some hutter. I'll grease a piece of paper as the grocery cat did, so the water won't come through, and I'll fasten the greased paper on my red, white and blue striped rheumatism cruch for an umbrella. That will keep off the rain."

So Uncle Wigglly.

So Uncle Wigglly greased some paper with a lump of butter. Then he fastened some sticks on his crutch, like I'will," said the rabbil gentleman.

some butter. Just stop in at the seven and eight cent store and get a pound."
I' will." said the rabbit gentleman, and as the store was not far away be hopped over to get the butter, while Nirse Jane and Mrs. Stubball talked about the best way to make bread pudding out of old pieces of cake.

Thele Wiggily saw the grocery cat in the nine and fen cent store pasting a piece of paper over part of the window.

"What's the matter?" asked the rabbit gentleman.

"Oh," answered the grocery cat, "I have to wait for the glass-put-in store the store and get a pound."

I with a lump of butter. Then he fastened some sticks on his crutch, like umbrella some sticks on his crutch, like ubbrella some sticks on his crutch, like ubbrella some

WE

AND THE waiter.

WAS COMING up.

AND I yelled again.

AND STOPPED IL

FULL OF groceries.

AND A piner of ice.

AND PUT the ice.

IN THE sink.

AND I took them out.

AND MY wife came home.

AND NONE of the stuff.

EXCEPT THE laundry.

AND THE garbage can.

BELONGED TO US.

AND THERE was a box.

Years Her Junior BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON. Dear Mrs. Thompson-I am in love with a man 10 years opyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper dog to come around for that. I am Syndicate.) By Howard R. Garis. "How do you think I look. Unc's going to shower soon." My junior. He is a minister's son and does not know that I love him. Would you let him know it or keep on loving him as it is? Do you think we would be happy if we were to marry? my junior. He is a minister's son and does not know that I

Girl Loves Man 10

lose hose of paper over the lose, to keep out the rain, for it is going to shower soon.

"Why, paper won't keep out the rain, for it is going to shower soon."

"Why paper won't keep out the rain, for it is going to shower soon."

"Not if I grasse it with lard, as I've done this sheet which I pasted over the window said the grocery cat. "Rain water can't come through greased paper, and it will be all right until can get the glass put in Now I'l give year, and it will be all right until can get the glass put in Now I'l give year, and it will be all right until can get the glass put in Now I'l give year. "You will make a mess of your life as well as the boy's if you try to investe hurry. The grocery cat says it's going to first and do not cause that man to zac for thin that a young boy could care for you in that way. Stay single unject over a hole in his window. I don't want your new hat to be spoiled, and I have no unbrella."

Excuse me, Nurse Jane. "Ho said, for the muskinst lady was still talking to rain, and he put soone greased paper over a hole in his window. I don't want your new hat to be spoiled, and I have no unbrella."

So they said good-bye and Uncle Wiggily and Nurse Jane hopped on. But it is sprinkle down raindrops.

"Oh, my lovely hat!" cried Nurse Jane well." So they said good-bye and uncle Wiggily and Nurse Jane hopped on. But it is sprinkle down raindrops.

"Oh, my lovely hat!" cried Nurse Jane, flying to hide it under her skirt "Oh, if we only had an umbrella!"

"Ha! I think I can make one!" said tis; Do you think we would be happy if we ere a great deal for the said true window said the grocery cat. "Rain in the paper." And I will be all right to take you are to to the you are to to the you are to to the you are to the limit now arriving you. It is ridiculous for a woman of your age to think that a young boy could care for you in that way. Stay single unless you can find someone nearer your age to the hop and the paper.

"Excuse me, Nurse Jane." he said, for the hurry home."

So they said good-

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Do you believe in runaway marriages? I am 18 and my flance is 22. My mether says that I am not to marry before I am 25. I cannot get along a week longer without him, and as he makes \$200 a month I think It will be all right to marry. What do you think? My family has plenty of money and I am sure they will forgive me if my husband and f do get into tight places.

JULITH.

HE LOVELY

RUBBER MASK

BLUE AND BROWN EYES.

I have expressed myself often enough about girls of your ages going with boys. I do not approve of it. You did not tell me the age of the boy, so I really do not know what to suggest. If he likes a book that would be an do get into tight places.

JULITH.

I do not believe in such marriages,.

DOROTHY DIX TALKS

"THOU SHALT NOT KILL."

By DOROTHY DIX. The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

(Copyright, 1926, by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

TOWNE GOSSIP

BY K.C.B.

Are you a murderer?
You'll say you are not.
What, you who are a respectable citizen and an upholder of law and order, commit the foul deed for which lowbrowed felons are hanged!
What, you with your high brow ethical sense, take a fellow creature's life!
What, you who sicken at the very sight of a red stain on a bandage, dip your hands in human blood!
The idea is so preposterous it is annusing.
Nevertheleas, are you a murderer?
You may never have shot a man, or stabbed a woman, or choked a child to death, and yet you may daily kill the thing that alone makes life worth having to those about you. To slay the body is not the worst crime you can commit against an individual. It does not take long to die. The agony is over in a few minutes, but the spirit dies hard, and when you kill that you have to do it by slow torture.
Therefore, I hold that the murderers who slay their victims quickly with shot or knife are a million times less cruel and deserving of punishment than those other murderers who break the hearts and crush the souls of those whose happiness lies in their hands, and whom you forced into the garocery business because you had planned for finit the growth of the has no aptitude and for which nature never designed him, do you over see the ghost of the chief justice you murdered in him?

And that strange, beautiful, brilliant girl of yours, with her woman's place because you believed a woman's place was at the cook stove and washtub. She's old and worn, and bitter now. Have you no compunctions of conscience when you think of her talent that you strangled? Do you not know that you willingly, knowingly, with malice aforethought, all ye who are blankets and killjoys, who lie in wait to stab hope to death with raven croakings, who slay their victims quickly with shot or knife are a million times less cruelity than if you had choked her to death in her crade?

Therefore, I hold that the murderers, who slay their victims quickly with shot or knife are a million times less cruelity that you strangled? Do you not

"Thou shalt not kill." Is the first of the commandments God gave to man for his guidance but it does not mean merely that we shall not take human life. It means that we shall not kill love, or faith, or hope, or ambition, for when we do we slay something far more precious than life itself.

So I arraign you Mf. Good Man at the bar of conscience and ask you again, are you a murderer?

Have you killed the joy of living in your home?

our home? When you married your wife was a ray, high-spirited girl, bubbling over

You are murderers all. Repent your crime. And reform.

What's In a Name?

BELONGED TO US.

AND ARE all upset.

AND I can't write anything.
I THANK you.

TRUE COURTESY.

In one of the smaller attes in central France size that you have every non-liked beyond the property of the pro

News of Memphis 10 Years Ago. Twice Told Tales 25 Years Ago.

Mrs. B. J. Long last returned to her tome in Jackson, Tenne after a break ant visit with her sister. Mrs. J. C. Strickland, in this city.

Mr and Mrs. Mark them and shift free, of Shelby, Miss. Who have been in the greens of relatives by this city for several days, oil route to Jackson.

Miss Carrie Seligman, who has been the green of her sister. Mrs. K. Oswald, for the past several days, left this evening for Jackson, Tom, where she will visit with friends.

Mrs. F. L. Anderson and daughter, left today for Brownswithe Where they will visit with friends.

Misses Satura fries and Lingent Longinutt, accompanies by Miss Camille Canale in troday for Allicon Wells.

Wills. "Standing on a platform which faces key who starved to death between two to which one to turn. Death is on the With all this wealth of illustration we are still unable to see oust what

Miss Elizabeth Montain is the guest of Miss Alice Hathway In Charles

Mrs. 3 La Math has returned to her home in Knoxville, after a visit of sex-eral days with her daughter. Mrs. Phil D. Warren.
Miss Elizabeth Raines returned to her.
Miss Elizabeth Raines returned to her. Miss Ellizabeth Raines returned to her, one in Jackson, Tenn, after a visit citis her brother, A. D. Raines. Miss Alice Breen is the guest of tiss Marte Zanone in Wynne, Ask. Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Husen left to ay for Faulaner Springs, where they cill spend the remainder of the summer.

mer Miss Mal Clifton of Monroe street is spending the summer in New York city with friends an relatives. The Ladies Aid society of the Galloway Memorial church gave a lawn party and social this evening at the residence of Mrs. Slater, 281 South Cooper street. Copper street.

A kitchen shower in honor of Miss stall Parham, bride of the coming week, was given this afternoon at the bome of Mrs. Egbart B. White.

the exhibit Sodie county of a cree evolution showing does star for it taken before that the county of the two two the cree that they have been in an area. The cutting and norm of lettering the county good errors if loss in that y good errors if loss in

Major Max Haumgarum of the 1, & c. legan a movement for Sunday en-ortainment in the banks for Mem-huan and visitors. He is strongly in aver of Sunday attention hand con-cits at East End park or some other uitable place. Memphis he said is almost as dull as Nashville ruster resent conditions and that is major. near the danger line."

AND I milled my head AND VELLED senin AND THE WALL'T REPORT AND THERE'S was laundry

> AND A paper of he-AND A garlage can-AND I feel, them all AND THE refrigerator WAS FULL of her AND THE new piece

J. H.Mr. to Jun 11

IT RANG again.

IN THE sink AND I wondered. WHY IT was THAT WE had ordered so MUCH JO AND, ANYWAY

I WENT tuck to work. AND AFTER a while.

AND I hurried out